

31

ENTHUSIASM;

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

IN A

LETTER *to a Friend in Town.*

Εἰ γὰρ τὸ εἶναι θεῖος ἐστὶν ἡ θεία γενεή, καὶ μὴ ποτε τι γνῶν τῶν θεοπαρά-
δοτων, ὥστε μὲν ἐνεργησείη, οὐ μὴδὲ τοῦ ὑπαρῆαι ἐνθεῶς ἐχέτω.

S. Dionysii Areop. de Eccles. Hier. cap. 2.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, in *Fleet-street*,
near *Temple-Bar*. M.DCC.LII.

[Price One Shilling.]

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE here sent you the Verses which you desired a Copy of. The Book * that gave Occasion to them has treated the Subject whereon they are made in such a brief, sensible, and lively manner, as might well excite one to an Attempt of this Nature. Just and improving Sentiments deserve to be placed in any Light that may either engage the Attention of a Reader, or assist his Memory; and Verse, as I have found by Experience, does both: For which Reason, when I first met with an Account of *Enthusiasm* so quite satisfactory, I chose to give it the Dress wherein it now appears before you.

Enthusiasm is grown into a fashionable Term of Reproach, that usually comes uppermost, when any thing of a deep and serious Nature is mentioned. We apply it, through an indolent Custom, to sober and considerate Assertors of important Truths, as readily as to wild and extravagant Contenders about them. This indiscriminate Use of the Word has evidently a bad Effect: It pushes the general Indifferency to Matters of the highest Concern into downright Aversion. The best Writers upon the best Subjects are unattended to; and the Benefit accruing from their Love, and their Labours, is not perceived by us; because we are hurried on, by the idlest of all Prejudices, to condemn them without a Reading, or to pronounce them to be unintelligible, upon such a slight one, as can hardly be called an Endeavour

* Mr. Law's Appeal to all that doubt, &c. p. 305.

to understand them. We have heard it said, and have seen it printed, that they are Enthusiasts; and, to avoid the Imputation of that Character, we run into it at second Hand, and adopt the Rashness and Injustice of impetuous Originals: We take the stalest Exclamations for the freshest Proofs; and the affected Retailing of *Madness*, *Mysticism*, *Bebmenism*, and the like decisive Outcries, contents us as if there were something of Sense, Wit, or Demonstration, in it.

When this low Kind of *Enthusiasm* is alert enough to gain its Point, the Writer of a good Book may possibly lose the Applause, which it is highly probable that he never sought for. But what does a Reader get the while, by his tame Resignation of the Right of judging for himself to such incompetent Authority? Men of superior Fluency in expressing their own Conceptions are not always sedate enough to examine, or judicious enough to discover, the Principles which might undeceive them. The first Obstruction to their Hypothesis may pass, with them, for an immediate Confutation of any Book whatsoever: They may shew their Learning, their Zeal, or their Contempt, and speak of an *Enthusiasm* different from their own, as quickly as they please; but where the Question is momentous, and the Celebration of their Fame quite foreign to it, what should induce any one, who is really desirous of Information, to remit the Freedom of Enquiry after it for their Dicacity?

How many pathetic Accounts of living Piety, how many excellent Treatises composed for the Advancement of it, are neglected, or unknown, because we are so easily prepossessed by popular Hearsay, and wretched Compilers? How many has the Sourness of Controversy, the Bitterness of Party, and the Rotation of Amusement, in a manner suppressed? The

Enthusiasm

Enthusiasm which is hence enkindled reigns and rages unsuspected, while that of a juster Kind, the genuine Effect of a true Life and Spirit, arising from what is lovely, harmonious, and substantial, is in danger of being extinguished by it; and, whenever it is so, the Variety of Delusion with which a different Spirit may then possess its Votaries, will centre, properly speaking, in *Endemoniasm*.

In short, there is a right *Enthusiasm*, as well as a wrong one; and a Man is free to admit which he pleases: But one he must have, as sure as he has a Head; as sure as he has a Heart that fondly pursues the Object of its Desire, whatever it be. If that be pointed right; if it reach after that Godlike State and Condition, to which all Mankind were originally created; if it long to be freed from the Disorders of its present State, to be restored again to that enduring Rest, Light, and Liberty, which alone can accomplish and beautify it; how can it be too constant, or too vigorous?

If the Desire be otherwise inclined, how little does it signify to the main Purpose what Ingenuity, Parts, or Learning, what natural, or what acquired Talents, Men may be possess'd of? So long as they have only Light enough to hate Light, they may, upon the first Glimpse of it, retire into their Earthliness, and push out their Works as thick as Molehills: But, in Reality, a single Page, proceeding from a right Spirit, whose *Enthusiasm* they all despise, is worth a Library of such a Produce.

In such a Spirit I take the *Appeal*, to which the following Lines are owing, to be written; and am persuaded, that if any sober-minded Deist, who is prejudiced against Christianity, because he does not really know what it is; that if any
Christian

Christian so called, who has been led into Mistakes about it, because he does not really know what it is not ; in fine, that if any one, whose Heart is so far converted as to desire Conversion, should be disposed to read it through, he would find his Account in it ; he would be struck with, he would be edified by it.

There is, apparently, something so solid, and so animated, thro' the Whole of it ; such an impartial Regard to Truth, where-ever it may be found ; and such happy Illustration of it, where it really has been found ; that I had some Thoughts of translating it for the Use of Foreigners, believing that such a Service would be acceptable to the more searching and unbiass'd Dispositions amongst them, and also help to fix many awakening and comfortable Truths upon my own Mind ; which is the Interest that I would propose to obtain by it. If I shall find myself capable of executing this Design with Justice to the Original, you shall hear further from me. In the mean time I have transcribed for you these Verses upon the incidental Subject of *Enthusiasm*, as they were first composed for private Recollection ; and, as I can rely upon your Judgment concerning them better than I can upon my own, they are wholly submitted to your Correction and Disposal. I am

Yours, &c.

Manchester, Sept. 3. 1754.

J. B.

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EN-



ENTHUSIASM.

A

Poetical ESSAY.



LY from *Enthusiasm*! It is the Pest,
Bane, Poison, Frensy, Fury—and the rest.
This is the Cry that oft, when Truth appears,
Forbids Attention to our list'ning Ears;

Checks our first Entrance on the main Concern,
And, stunn'd with Clamour, we forbear to learn;
Mechanically catch the common Cant,
And fly from what we almost know we want.

A deeper Sense of *something* that should set
The Heart at Rest, that never has done yet;
Some *simpler Secret* that yet unreveal'd,
Amidst contending Systems lies conceal'd.

A Book perhaps beyond the vulgar Page
Removes at once the Lumber of an Age.

C

Truth

Truth is presented ; strikes upon our Eyes ;
 We feel Conviction, and we fear Surprise :
 We gaze, admire, dispute, and then the Bawl—
 Fly from *Enthusiasm* ! —That answers all.

Now if my Friend has Patience to enquire,
 Let us a while from noisy Scenes retire ;
 Let us examine Sense, as well as Sound,
 And search the Truth, the Nature, and the Ground.

'Tis *Will*, *Imagination*, and *Desire*
 Of thinking Life, that constitute the Fire,
 The Force, by which the strong Volitions drive,
 And form the Scenes to which we are alive.
 What, tho' unsprouted into outward Shape
 The Points of Thought our grosser Sight escape ;
 Nor bulky Forms in prominent Array
 Their secret cogitative Cause betray ?
 Once fix the Will, and Nature must begin
 T'unfold its active Rudiments within ;
Mind governs *Matter*, and it must obey :
 To all its opening Forms, Desire is Key :
 Nor Mind nor Matter's Properties are lost,
 As that shall mold, this must appear emboss.
Imagination, trifling as it seems,
 Big with Effects, its own Creation teems.
 We think our Wishes and Desires a Play,
 And sport important Faculties away.

Edg'd are the Tools with which we trifle thus,
 And carve out deep Realities for us.
 Intention, roving into Nature's Field,
 Dwells in that System which it means to build,
 Itself the Centre of its wish'd-for Plan;
 For where the Heart of Man is—there is Man.

Ev'ry created, understanding Mind
 Moves as its own Self-bias is inclin'd :
 From God's free Spirit breathed forth to be,
 It must of all Necessity be free ;
 Must have the Pow'r to kindle and inflame
 The Subject-matter of its mental Aim.
 Whether it bend the voluntary View,
Realities, or *Fictions*, to pursue:
 Whether it raise its Nature, or degrade,
 To Truth substantial, or to phantom Shade,
 Falshood or Truth accordingly obtains ;
That only which it wills to gain---it gains :
Good----if the Good be vigorously fought,
 And *ill*----if that be first resolv'd in Thought.
 All is one Good, that nothing can remove,
 While held in Union, Harmony, and Love.
 But when a selfish separating Pride
 Will break all Bounds, and Good from Good divide,
 'Tis then extinguish'd, like a distant Spark,
 And Pride self-doom'd into its joyless Dark.

The

The miscreant *Desire* turns Good to Ill,
 In its own Origin, the *evil Will*.
 A Fact that fills all Histories of old,
 That glares in Proof, while conscious we behold
 The Bliss, bespoken by our Maker's Voice,
 Fixt, or perverted by a Man's own Choice.

Now when the Mind determines thus its Force,
 The Man becomes Enthusiast of course.

What is Enthusiasm? What can it be,
 But Thought enkindled to an high Degree?
 That may, whatever be its ruling Turn,
 Right, or not right, with equal Ardour burn.

It must be therefore various in its Kind,
 As Objects vary, that engage the Mind :

When to Religion we confine the Word,
 What Use of Language can be more absurd ?

'Tis just as true, that many Words beside,
 As Love, or Zeal, are only thus apply'd.

To ev'ry kind of Life they all belong ;
 Men may be eager, tho' their Views be wrong :

And hence the Reason, why the greatest Foes
 To true religious Earnestness, are those
 Who fire their Wits upon a different Theme,
 Deep in some false *enthusiastic* Scheme.

One Man politely, seiz'd with classic Rage,
 Dotes on old *Rome*, and its *Augustan* Age ;

On

On those great Souls who then or then abouts,
 Made in their State such Riots and such Routs.
 He fancies all magnificent and grand,
 Under this Mistress of the World's Command,
 Scarce can his Breast the sad Reverse abide,
 The Dame despoil'd of all her glorious Pride:
Time, an old *Goth*, advancing to consume
 Immortal Gods, and once eternal *Rome*.
 When the plain Gospel spread its artless Ray,
 And rude unsculptur'd Fishermen had Sway,
 Who spar'd no Idol, tho' divinely carv'd,
 Tho' Art, and Muse, and Shrine-Engraver, starv'd:
 Who sav'd poor *Wretches*, and destroy'd, *Alas!*
 The vital Marble, and the breathing Brass.
 Where does all Sense to him, and Reason, shine?
 Behold — in *Tully's* Rhetoric divine!
Tully! Enough — High o'er the *Alps* he's gone,
 To tread the Ground that *Tully* trod upon;
 Haply to find his Statue, or his Bust,
 Or Medal green'd with *Ciceronian* Rust:
 Perchance the *Rostrum* — yea, the very Wood,
 Whereon this elevated Genius stood,
 When forth on *Catiline*, as erst he spoke,
 The Thunder of *Quousque tandem* broke.

Well may this *Grand Enthusiast* deride
 The Dulness of a *Pilgrim's* humbler Pride,

Who paces to behold that Part of Earth
 Which to the Saviour of the World gave Birth ;
 To see the Sepulchre from whence he rose ;
 Or view the Rocks that rented at his Woes ;
 Whom Pagan Reliques have no Force to charm,
 Yet ev'n a modern Crucifix can warm :
 The sacred Signal who intent upon,
 Thinks on the Sacrifice that hung thereon.

Another's *beated Brain* is painted o'er
 With antient *Hieroglyphic* Marks of yore :
 He old *Egyptian Mummies* can explain,
 And raise 'em up almost to Life again ;
 Can into deep antique Recesses pry,
 And tell of all, the *Wherefore* and the *Why* ;
 How this *Philosopher*, and that, has thought,
 Believ'd one Thing, and quite another taught ;
 Can Rules, of *Grecian* Sages long forgot,
 Clear up, as if they liv'd upon the Spot.

What Bounds to *Nostrum* ? *Moses*, and the *Jews*,
 Observ'd this learned *Legislator's* Views,
 While *Israel's* Leader purposely conceal'd
 Truths which his whole Oeconomy reveal'd,
 No Heav'n disclos'd, but *Canaan's* fertile Stage,
 And no *For-ever*---but a good *old Age* ;
 Whilst the well untaught People, kept in Awe
 By meanless Types, and unexplained Law,

Pray'd

Pray'd to their *local God* to grant a while
 The *Future State*, of Corn, and Wine, and Oil ;
 Till, by a late Captivity set free,
 Their destin'd Error they began to see,
 Dropt the *Mosaic Scheme*, to teach their Youth
Dramatic Job, and *Babylonish Truth*.

To soar aloft on Obeliskal Clouds ;
 To dig down deep into the Dark---for Shrouds ;
 To vex old Matters, chronicled in *Greek*,
 While those of his own Parish are to seek :
 What can come forth from such an *antic Taste*,
 But a *Clarissimus Enthusiast* ?
 Fraught with Discoveries so quaint, so new,
 So deep, so smart, so *Ipse-dixit* true,
 See Arts, and Empires, Ages, Books, and Men,
 Rising, and falling, as he points the Pen.
 See Frauds and Forgeries, if ought surpass,
 Of nobler Stretch, the Limits of his Class,
 Not found within that Summary of Laws,
 Conjecture, tinsel'd with its own Applause.

Where Erudition so *unblest* prevails,
 Saints, and their Lives, are *legendary Tales*.
 Christians, a brainfick, visionary Crew,
 That read the *Bible* with a *Bible View*,
 And thro' the *Letter* humbly hope to trace
 The *living Word*, the *Spirit*, and the *Grace*.

It matters not, whatever be the State
 That full-bent Will and strong Desires create ;
 Where-e'er they fall, where-e'er they love to dwell,
 They kindle there, their *Heaven*, or their *Hell* ;
 The chosen Scene surrounds them as their own,
 All else is dead, insipid, or unknown.
 However poor and empty be the Sphere,
 'Tis All, if Inclination centre there :
 Its own *Enthusiasts* each System knows,
 Down to lac'd *Fops*, and Powder-sprinkled *Beaux*.
 Great *Wits*, affecting what they call, to think,
 That deep immers'd in Speculation sink,
 Are great *Enthusiasts*, howe'er refin'd,
 Whose brain-bred Notions so inflame the Mind,
 That during the Continuance of its Heat
 The *Summum Bonum* is---its own Conceit :
Critics, with all their Learning recondite,
Poets, that sev'rally be-mused write ;
 The *Virtuosos*, whether great or small ;
 The *Connoisseurs*, that know the Worth of all ;
Philosophers, that dictate Sentiments,
 And *Politicians*, wiser than Events ;
 Such and such-like come under the *same Law*,
 Altho' their Heat be from a Flame of *Straw* ;
 Altho' in one Absurdity they chime,
 To make Religious Enthiasm a Crime.

Endless

Endless to say, how many of their Trade
 Ambition, Pride, and Self-conceit have made.
 If one, the chief of such a num'rous Name,
 Let the great Scholar justify his Claim.
Self-love, in short, where-ever it is found,
 Tends to its own *enthusiastic* Ground,
 With the same Force that Goodness mounts above,
 Sinks, by its own enormous Weight, *Self-love* ———
 By this the wav'ring *Libertine* is prest,
 And the rank *Atheist* totally possest :
Atheists are dark *Enthusiasts* indeed,
 Whose Fire enkindles like the smoking Weed.
 Lightless, and dull, the clouded Fancy burns,
 Wild Hopes, and Fears, still flashing out by Turns.
 Averse to Heav'n, amid the horrid Gleam
 They quest *Annihilation's* monstrous Theme,
 On gloomy Depths of *Nothingness* to pore,
 Till *All* be none, and *Being* be no more.

The sprightlier *Infidel*, as yet more gay,
 Fires off the next Ideas in his Way,
 The dry sag Ends of ev'ry obvious Doubt ;
 And puffs and blows for fear they should go out.
 Boldly resolv'd, against Conviction steel'd,
 Nor inward Truth, nor outward Fact, to yield ;
 Urg'd with a thousand Proofs, he stands unmov'd
 Fast by himself, and scorns to be out-prov'd ;

To his own Reason loudly he appeals,
No Saint more zealous for what God reveals.

Think not that you are no Enthusiast then :

All Men are such, as sure as they are Men.

The Thing itself is not at all to blame :

'Tis, in each State of human Life, the same.

The fiery Bent, the driving of the Will,

That gives the Prevalence to Good, or Ill.

You need not go to *Cloisters*, or to *Cells*,

Monks, or *Field Preachers*, to see where it dwells :

It dwells alike in *Balls* and *Masquerades* ;

Courts, *Camps*, and *Changes*, it alike pervades.

There be Enthusiasts, who love to fit

In Coffee-houses, and cant out their Wit.

The first in most Assemblies would you see,

Mark out the first Haranguer, and that's He :

Nay 'tis what silent Meetings cannot hide,

It may be notic'd by its mere Outside.

Beaux and *Coquets* would quit the magic Dress,

Did not this mutual Instinct both possess.

The *Mercer*, *Taylor*, *Bookseller*, grows rich,

Because fine Cloaths, fine Writings can bewitch.

A *Cicero*, a *Shaftsbury*, a *Bayle*,

How quick would they diminish in their Sale ?

Four Fifths of all their Beauties who would heed,

Had they not *keen Enthusiasts* to read ?

That

That which concerns us therefore is, to see
 What Species of Enthusiasts we be;
 On what Materials, the fiery Source
 Of thinking Life, shall execute its Force:
 Whether a Man shall stir up Love or Hate,
 From the mix'd Medium of this present State,
 Shall choose with upright Heart and Mind to rise,
 And reconnoitre Heav'n's primeval Skies;
 Or down to Lust and Rapine to descend,
Brute for a Time, and *Demon* at its End.
 Neither perhaps, the wary Sceptics cry,
 And wait till Nature's River shall run dry,
 With sage Reserve not passing o'er to Good
 Of Time, lost Time, are borne along the Flood,
 Content to think such thoughtless Thinking right,
 And common Sense enthusiastic Flight.

Fly from *Enthusiasm*? Yes, fly from Air,
 And breathe it more intensely for your Care.
 Learn, that whatever Phantoms you embrace,
 Your own essential Property takes Place.
 Bend all your Wits against it, 'tis in vain,
 It must exist, or sacred, or profane.
 For Flesh or Spirit, Wisdom from above
 Or from this World, an Anger or a Love,
 Must have its Fire within the human Soul:
 'Tis ours to spread the Circle, or controul.

In

In Clouds of sensual Appetites to smoke
 While smoth'ring Lusts the rising Conscience choke;
 Or, from ideal Glimmerings, to raise,
 Showy and faint, a superficial Blaze,
 Where subtle Reasons with their lambent Flames,
 Untouch'd the *Things*, creep round and round the *Names*;

Or----with a true celestial Ardor fir'd,
 Such as at first created Man inspir'd,
 To will, and to persist to will, the Light,
 The Love, the Joy, that makes an Angel bright,
 That makes a Man, in Sight of God, to shine
 With all the Lustre of a Life divine.

When true Religion kindles up the Fire,
 Who can condemn the vigorous Desire,
 That burns, to reach the End for which 'twas giv'n,
 To shine, and sparkle in its native Heav'n?
 What else was our creating Father's View?
 His Image lost why fought he to renew?
 Why all the Scenes of Love that Christians know,
 But to attract us from this poor Below,
 To save us from the fatal Choice of Ill,
 And bless the free co-operating Will?

Blame not *Enthusiasm*, if rightly bent;
 Or blame of Saints the holiest Intent,
 The strong Persuasion, the confirm'd Belief,
 Of all the Comforts of a Soul the chief,

That

That God's continual Will, and Work to save,
 Teach, and inspire, attend us to the Grave :
 That they who in his Faith and Love abide,
 Find in his Spirit an immediate Guide :
 This is no more a *Fancy*, or a *Whim*,
 Than that we *live*, and *move*, and *are in Him*.
 Let Nature, or let Scripture, be the Ground,
 Here is the Seat of true Religion found.
 An Earthly Life, as Life itself explains,
 The *Air* and *Spirit* of this World maintains :
 As plainly does an heav'nly Life declare,
 An Heav'nly *Spirit*, and an holy *Air*.

What Truth more plainly does the Gospel teach,
 What Doctrine all its Missionaries preach,
 Than this, That ev'ry good Desire and Thought
 Is in us by the Holy Spirit wrought ?
 For this the working *Faith* prepares the Mind ;
Hope is expectant, *Charity* resign'd.
 From this blest Guide the Moment we depart,
 What is there left to sanctify the Heart ?
 Reason and Morals ? And where live they most ;
 In Christian Comfort, or in *Stoic* Boast ?
 Reason may paint unpractis'd Truth exact,
 And Morals rigidly maintain—no Fact.
This is the *Pow'r* that raises them to Worth,
 That calls their rip'ning Excellencies forth.

F

Not

Not ask for this?—May Heav'n forbid the vain,
 The sad Repose! What Virtue can remain?
 What Virtue wanting, if within the Breast
 This Faith productive of all Virtue rest,
 That God is always present to impart
 His Light and Spirit to the willing Heart?

He who can say, My willing Heart began
 To learn this Lesson, may be christen'd *Man*;

Before a Son of Elements and Earth.

This Faith, and this Dependence, once destroy'd,
 Man is made helpless, and the Gospel void.
 He that is taught to seek elsewhere for Aid,
 Be who he will the Teacher, is betray'd :
 Be what it will the System, he's enslav'd ;
 Man by Man's Maker only can be sav'd.
 In this One Fountain of all Help to trust,
 What is more easy, natural, and just ?

Talk what we will of Mercy, and of Pity

In Clouds of sensual Appetites to smoke
 While smoth'ring Lusts the rising Conscience choke;
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 That God is always present to impart
 His Light and Spirit to the willing Heart?

He who can say, My willing Heart began
 To learn this Lesson, may be christen'd *Man*;
 Before, a Son of *Elements* and *Earth*;
 But now, a Creature of another Birth,
 Whose true regenerated Soul revives,
 And Life from Him, that ever lives, derives.
 Freed by compendious Faith from all the Pangs
 Of long-fetch'd Motives, and perplex'd Harangues;
 One Word of Promise stedfastly embrac'd,
 His Heart is fix'd, its whole Dependence plac'd:
 The Hope is rais'd, that cannot but succeed,
 And found *Infallibility* indeed.
 Then flows the *Love* that no Distinction knows
 Of *System*, *Seet*, or *Party*, *Friends*, or *Foes*;
 Nor loves by halves; but, faithful to its Call,
 Stretches its whole Benevolence to All;
 Its universal Wish, th' Angelic Scene,
 That God within the Heart of Man may reign;
 The true Beginning to the final Whole,
 Of Heav'n, and heav'nly Life, within the Soul.

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 Be what it will the System, he's enslav'd ;
 Man by Man's Maker only can be sav'd.
 In this One Fountain of all Help to trust,
 What is more easy, natural, and just ?
 Talk what we will of Morals, and of Bliss,
 Our Safety has no other Source but this.
 Led by this Faith, when Man forsakes his Sin,
 The Gate stands open to his God within.
 There, in the Temple of his Soul is found,
 Of inward central Life, the holy Ground ;
 The sacred Scene of Piety and Peace,
 Where new-born Christians feel the Life's Increase,
 Blessing, and blest, revive to pristine Youth,
 And worship God in Spirit, and in Truth.

Had not the Soul this Origin, this Root,
 What else were Man but a two-handed Brute ?
 What but a Devil, had he not possess'd
 The Seed of Heav'n, *replanted* in his Breast ?
 The Spark of Potency, the Ray of Light,
 His Call, his Help, his Fitness to excite
 The Strength and Vigour of celestial Air,
 Faith, and the Breath of living Christians, Pray'r.
 Not the Lip-Service, nor the mouthing Waste
 Of heartless Words, without an inward Taste ;

But

But the true Kindling of desirous Love,
 That draws the willing Graces from above.
 The Thirst of Good that naturally pants
 After that Light and Spirit which it wants;
 In whose blest Union quickly coincide,
 To ask, and have ; to want, and be supply'd,
 Then does the faithful Suppliant discern
 More of true Good, more of true Nature learn,
 Than from a thousand Volumes on the Shelf,
 In one meek Intercourse with Truth Itself.

All that the Gospel ever could ordain,
 All that the Church's daily Rites maintain,
 Is to keep up, to strengthen, and employ,
 This lively Faith, this Principle of Joy ;
 This Hope and this Possession of the End
 Which all Her pious Institutes intend ;
 Fram'd to convey, when freed from wordy Strife,
 The Truth, and Spirit, of an inward Life ;
 Wherein th' Eternal Parent of all Good
 By His own Influence is understood,
 That Man may learn infallibly aright,
 Blest in His Presence, seeing in His Light,
 To gain the Habit of a Godlike Mind,
 To seek His Holy Spirit, and to find.

In this *Enthusiasm*, advanc'd thus high,
 'Tis a true Christian Wish, To live, and die.

F I N I S.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of the following Verses believes no more need be said in Favour of them, than that they are by the same Hand as wrote the Epistle to a Gentleman of the Temple in 1749. on Occasion of the different Accounts of the Fall of Man, given in Two Books just then published; viz. Mr. Law's Spirit of Prayer, and the Bishop of London's Appendix.